Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can, Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Vre, 'Twere beſt hee did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke ful of eyes,
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will a haue wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpreation will miſquote our lookes,
And wee ſhal feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may bee well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouernd by a ſpleene;
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for a
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Har*
In any eaſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay ſ

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you batte

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *W*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and t

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willing

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in

Hot. Did you beg any? God forb

Wor. I told him gently of your gr
Of his Oath-breaking: which he me
By now forſwearing that, he is fore
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will
With haughty armes, this hatefull na

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes,
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teet
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him q

Wor. The *Prince* of Wales ſtept for
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſing

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpo
And that no man might draw ſhort b
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me
How ſhewd his talking? ſeem'd it i

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more m
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother da
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of arm
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a prince
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chroni
Making you euer better then his prai
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with
And which became him like a Prince